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"The Story of our Lives from Year to Year."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

VOLUME I.

FROM APRIL 30, 1859, TO OCTOBER 22, 1859.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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No. 1.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

[PRICE 2d.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In Three Books.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER I. THE PERIOD.

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face, on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face, on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes, that things in general were settled for ever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favoured period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock-lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. Mere messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America: which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock-lane brood.

France, less favoured on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the shield and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she

entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honour to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that sufferer was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable framework with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But, that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unceasingly, work silently, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England, there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed men, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognised and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition;" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London gaols fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's, to search for contraband goods, and the

mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever worse than useless, was in constant requisition; now, stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now, hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now, burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; to-day, taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II. THE MAIL.

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up-hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy, that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the mutinous intent of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favour of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to their duty.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails, they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between wheels as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho then!" the near leader violently shook his head and everything upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it had roamed in its forlornness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the

waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out everything from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the labouring horses steamed into it, as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from anything he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days, travellers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for anybody on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself, that Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected everybody else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not atop of Shooter's yet! 'Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, cut short by the whip in a most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more, the Dover mail struggled on, with the jack-boots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom!"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"I saw a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and labouring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is?" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"Is that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

Our booked passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers, eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's hoarser than suits me, is Jerry.")

"Yes, Mr. Lorry."

"What is the matter?"

"A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make so 'Nation sure of that," said the guard, in gruff soliloquy. "Hallo you!"

"Well! And hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace; dy'e mind me? And if you've got holsters to that saddle o' yours, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figures of a horse and rider came slowly through the eddying mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for Ma'am'selle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his hoarsest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good night."

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretence of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in his arm-chest, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was furnished with that completeness, that if the coach-lamps had been blown and stormed out, which did occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself

up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach-roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coincidence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted meanwhile, not only to ease his spent horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hat-brim, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple-bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this hoarse messenger, glancing at his mare. "'Recalled to life.' That's a Blazing strange message. Much of that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! You'd be in a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

CHAPTER III. THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

A WONDERFUL fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hope in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein, as momentary lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbour is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry in mine to my life's end. In any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them?

As to this, his natural and not to be alienated inheritance, the messenger on horseback had exactly the same possessions as the King, the first Minister of State, or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in

the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail coach; they were mysteries to one another, as complete as if each had been in his own coach and six, or his own coach and sixty, with the breadth of a county between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that decoration, being of a surface black, with no depth in the colour or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in something, singly, if they kept too far apart. They had a sinister expression, under an old cocked-hat like a three-cornered spittoon, and over a great muffler for the chin and throat, which descended nearly to the wearer's knees. When he stopped for drink, he moved this muffler with his left hand, only while he poured his liquor in with his right; as soon as that was done, he muffled again.

"No, Jerry, no!" said the messenger, harping on one theme as he rode. "It wouldn't do for you, Jerry. Jerry, you honest tradesman, it wouldn't suit *your* line of business! Recalled——! Bust me if I don't think he'd been a drinking!"

His message perplexed his mind to that degree that he was fain, several times, to take off his hat to scratch his head. Except on the crown, which was raggedly bald, he had stiff, black hair, standing jaggedly all over it, and growing down-hill almost to his broad, blunt nose. It was so like smith's work, so much more like the top of a strongly spiked wall than a head of hair, that the best of players at leap-frog might have declined him, as the most dangerous man in the world to go over.

While he trotted back with the message he was to deliver to the night watchman in his box at the door of Tellson's Bank, by Temple-bar, who was to deliver it to greater authorities within, the shadows of the night took such shapes to him as arose out of the message, and took such shapes to the mare as arose out of her private topics of uneasiness. They seemed to be numerous, for she shied at every shadow on the road.

What time, the mail-coach lumbered, jolted, rattled, and bumped upon its tedious way, with its three fellow inscrutables inside. To whom, likewise, the shadows of the night revealed themselves, in the forms their dozing eyes and wandering thoughts suggested.

Tellson's Bank had a run upon it in the mail. As the bank passenger—with an arm drawn through the leathern strap, which did what lay in it to keep him from pounding against the next passenger, and driving him into his corner, whenever the coach got a special jolt—nodded in his place with half-shut eyes, the little coach-windows, and the coach-lamp dimly gleaming through them, and the bulky bundle of opposite passenger, became the bank, and did a great stroke of business. The rattle of the harness was the chink of money, and more drafts were

honoured in five minutes than even Tellson's, with all its foreign and home connexion, ever paid in thrice the time. Then, the strong-rooms underground, at Tellson's, with such of their valuable stores and secrets as were known to the passenger (and it was not a little that he knew about them), opened before him, and he went in among them with the great keys and the feebly-burning candle, and found them safe, and strong, and sound, and still, just as he had last seen them.

But, though the bank was almost always with him, and though the coach (in a confused way, like the presence of pain under an opiate), was always with him, there was another current of impression that never ceased to run, all through the night. He was on his way to dig some one out of a grave.

Now, which of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of the buried person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted state. Pride, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, succeeded one another; so did varieties of sunken cheek, cadaverous colour, emaciated hands and figures. But the face was in the main one face, and every head was prematurely white. A hundred times the dozing passenger inquired of this spectre:

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

"Shall I show her to you? Will you come and see her?"

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, "Wait! It would kill me if I saw her too soon." Sometimes, it was given in a tender rain of tears, and then it was, "Take me to her." Sometimes, it was staring and bewildered, and then it was, "I don't know her. I don't understand."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dig, and dig, dig—now, with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then start to himself, and lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and the hedge at the roadside retreating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night sha-

dows within. The real Banking-house by Temple-bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong-rooms, the real express sent after him, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them, the ghostly face would rise, and he would accost it again.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his arm securely through the leathern strap, and speculate upon the two slumbering forms, until his mind lost its hold of them, and they again slid away into the bank and the grave.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

The words were still in his hearing as just spoken—distinctly in his hearing as ever spoken words had been in his life—when the weary passenger started to the consciousness of daylight, and found that the shadows of the night were gone.

He lowered the window, and looked out at the rising sun. There was a ridge of ploughed land, with a plough upon it where it had been left last night when the horses were unyoked; beyond, a quiet coppice-wood, in which many leaves of burning red and golden yellow still remained upon the trees. Though the earth was cold and wet, the sky was clear, and the sun rose bright, placid, and beautiful.

"Eighteen years!" said the passenger, looking at the sun. "Gracious Creator of Day! To be buried alive for eighteen years!"

SURE TO BE HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing myself as the happiest man alive. My character is, I have reason to believe, new to the world. Novelists, Dramatists, and Entertainers of an easily-amused public have never yet, to my knowledge, laid hands on me. Society is obscurely aware of my existence; is frequently disposed to ask questions about me; is always wanting to get face to face with me, and see what I am like; and has never been fortunate enough yet to make the desired discovery. I come forward of my own accord, actuated by motives of the most purely amiable sort, to dispel the mists in which I have hitherto been hidden, and to gratify the public by disclosing myself. Behold me, then, self-confessed and self-announced—the long-sought type; the representative Individual; the interesting Man who believes in Advertisements.

In using the word Advertisements, I mean to imply all those public announcements (made chiefly through the medium of the newspapers),

which address personal interests, and which require an exercise of personal faith in the individual who reads them. Advertisements which divert an unthinking public, which excite contemptuous astonishment in superficial minds, which set dippant people asking each other, "Who believes in this? Where are the people who can possibly be taken in by it?" and so on, are precisely the Advertisements to which I now allude. To my wise belief in these beneficent public offers of assistance to humanity, I am indebted for the unruffled mental tranquillity in which my life—a model life, as I venture to think it—is now passed. I see my fellow-creatures around me the dupes of their own fatal incredulity; worn by cares, which never trouble me; beset by doubts, from which I have escaped for ever—I see this spectacle of general anxiety and general wretchedness; and I find it invariably associated with a sarcastic suspicion, an irreverent disregard of those advertised roads to happiness and prosperity along which I have travelled, in my own personal case, with such undeniable and such astonishing results. My nature has been soft from infancy. My bosom is animated by a perpetual glow of philanthropy. I behold my species suffering, in all directions, through its own disastrous sharpness—and I compassionately come forward, in consequence, to persuade humanity that its business in this world is, not to make itself miserable by fighting with troubles, but to keep itself healthy, wealthy, and wise, by answering Advertisements.

I ask, believe me, very little. Faith and a few postage stamps—I want nothing more to regenerate the civilised world. With these treasures in ourselves; and with (to quote a few widely-known advertisements) "Graphiology," "Ten Pounds weekly realised by either Sex," "Matrimony Made Easy," and "The Future Foretold," all gently illuminating our path through life, we may amble forward along our flowery ways, and never be jolted, never be driven back, never be puzzled about our right road, from the beginning of the journey to the end. Take my own case, as an instance; and hear me while I record the results of personal experience.

I shall abstain, at the outset, from quoting any examples to establish the connexion between advertisements and health; because I may fairly assume, from the notoriously large sale of advertised medicines, that the sick public is well aware of the inestimable benefit to be derived from an implicit confidence in quacks. The means, however, of becoming, not healthy only, but wise and wealthy as well, by dint of believing in advertisements, are far less generally known. To this branch of the subject I may, therefore, address myself, with the encouraging conviction that I am occupying comparatively new ground.

Allow me, to begin by laying down two first principles. No man can feel comfortably wise, until he is on good terms with himself; and no man can, rationally speaking, be on good terms with himself until he knows himself.

And how is he to know himself? I may be asked. Quite easily, I answer, by accepting the means of information offered in the following terms, and in all the newspapers, by a benefactress of mankind:

"Know Thyself! The Original Graphiologist, Miss Blank, continues her interesting and useful delineations of character, from examination of the handwriting, in a style peculiarly her own, and which can be but badly imitated by the ignorant pretenders and self-styled professors who have lately laid claim to a knowledge of this beautiful science. Persons desirous of knowing their own character, or that of any friend, must send a specimen of writing, stating sex and age, or supposed age, with fourteen uncut penny postage stamps, to Miss Blank, for which will be returned a detail of the gifts, defects, talents, tastes, affections, &c., of the writer, with other things previously unsuspected, calculated to guide in the everyday affairs of life," &c. &c.

This advertisement is no invention of my own. Excepting the lady's name, it is a true copy of an original, which does really appear in all the newspapers.

Off went my handwriting, and my fourteen uncut stamps, by the next post. Back, in a day or two (for Graphiology takes its time), came that inestimable revelation of my character which will keep me to the last day of my life on the best and highest terms with myself. I incorporate my own notes with the letter, as an unquestionable guarantee of the truth of its assertions, and a pleasing evidence, likewise, of its effect upon my mind on a first reading:

"The handwriting of our correspondent is wanting in firmness and precision." (Solely in consequence of my having a bad pen.) "There is apparent insincerity towards those who do not know you, but it is only putting a covering on your really warm heart." (How true!) "Large-minded, and inclined to be very forgiving. Generous, but not very open." (Well, if I must be one or the other, and not both together, I would rather be generous than open—for who can blame the closed heart when accompanied by the open hand?) "Of sterling integrity and inflexible perseverance." (Just so!). "You are clever in whatever you undertake—kindly—original—vivacious—full of glee and spirit." (Myself!—I blush to own it, but this is myself, drawn to the life!) "You conceal your real nature not so much from hypocrisy as prudence—yet there is nothing sordid or mean about you." (I should think not, indeed!) "You show least when you appear most open, and yet you are candid and artless." (Too true—alas, too true!) "You are good-humoured, but it partakes more of volatile liveliness than wit." (I do not envy the nature of the man who thinks this a defect.) "There is a melancholy tenderness pervades your manner"—(there is, indeed!)—"when succouring any one requiring your aid, which is at variance with your general tone. In disposition you are refined and sensitive."

With this brief, gratifying, and neatly-expressed sentence, the estimate of my character ended. It has been as genuinely copied from a genuine original as the specimen which precedes it; and it was accompanied by a pamphlet: pre-

sented gratis, on the "Management of the Human Hair." Apparently, there had been peculiarities in my handwriting which had betrayed to the unerring eye of the Graphiologist, that my hair was not totally free from defects; and the pamphlet was a delicate way of hinting at the circumstance, and at the remedial agents to which I might look for relief. But this is a minor matter, and has nothing to do with the great triumph of Graphiology, which consists in introducing us to ourselves, on terms that make us inestimably precious to ourselves, for the trifling consideration of fourteenpenn'orth of postage stamps. To a perfectly unprejudiced—that is to say, to a wisely credulous mind—such a science as this carries its own recommendation along with it. Comment is superfluous—except in the form of stamps transmitted to the Graphiologist. I may continue the record of my personal experiences.

Having started, as it were, afresh in life, with a new and improved opinion of myself—having discovered that I am clever in whatever I undertake, kindly, original, vivacious, full of glee and spirit, and that my few faults are so essentially modest and becoming as to be more of the nature of second-rate merits than of positive defects—I am naturally in that bland and wisely contented frame of mind which peculiarly fits a man to undertake the choice of his vocation in life, with the certainty of doing the fullest justice to himself. At this new point in my career, I look around me once again among my sceptical and unhappy fellow-mortals. What turbulence, what rivalry, what heart-breaking delays, disappointments, and discomfitures do I not behold among the disbelievers in advertisements—the dupes of incredulity, who are waiting for prizes in the lottery of professional existence! Here is a man vegetating despondingly in a wretched curacy; here is another, pining briefless at the unproductive Bar; here is a third, slaving away his youth at a desk, on the chance of getting a partnership, if he lives to be a middle-aged man. Inconceivable infatuation! Every one of these victims of prejudice and routine sees the advertisements—as I see them. Every one might answer the following announcement, issued by a disinterested lover of his species—as I answer it:

"TEN POUNDS WEEKLY.—May be permanently realised by either sex, with each pound expended. Particulars clearly shown that these incomes are so well secured to those investing that to fail in realising them is impossible. Parties may commence with small investments, and by increasing them out of their profits, can, with unerring certainty, realise an enormous income. No partnership, risk, liability, or embarking in business. Incontestable authorities given in proof of these statements. Enclose a directed stamped envelope to," &c. &c.

All this information for a penny stamp! It is offered—really offered in the terms quoted above—in the advertising columns of half the newspapers in England; especially in the cheap newspapers, which have plenty of poor readers,

hungry for any little addition to their scanty incomes. Would anybody believe that we persist in recognising the clerical profession, the medical profession, the legal profession, and that the Ten-Pounds-Weekly profession is, as yet, unacknowledged among us!

Well, I despatch my directed envelope. The reply is returned to me in the form of two documents, one lithographed and one printed, and both so long that they generously give me, at the outset, a good shilling's worth of reading for my expenditure of a penny stamp. The commercial pivot on which the structure of my enormous future income revolves, I find, on perusal of the documents—the real documents, mind, not my imaginary substitutes for them—to be a "FABRIC"—described: as somewhat similar in appearance to "printed velvet." How simple and surprising! how comprehensive and satisfactory—especially to a poor man, longing for that little addition to his meagre income! The Fabric is certain to make everybody's fortune. And why? Because it is a patent Fabric, and because it can imitate everything, at an expense of half nothing. The Fabric can copy flowers, figures, landscapes, and historical pictures; paper-hangings, dress-pieces, shawls, scarfs, vests, trimmings, book-covers, and "other manufactures too numerous to detail." The Fabric can turn out "hundreds of thousands of articles at one operation." By skilful manœuvring of the Fabric "ninety per cent. of material is saved." In the multitudinous manipulations of the Fabric—and this is a most cheering circumstance—"sixty veneers have been cut to the inch." In the public disposal of the Fabric—and here is the most surprising discovery of all—the generous patentee (who answers my application) will distribute its advantages over the four quarters of the globe, in shares—five-shilling shares—each one of which is "probably worth several hundred pounds." But why talk of hundreds? Let clergymen, doctors, and barristers talk of hundreds. The Ten-Pounds-Weekly profession takes its stand on the Fabric, and counts by millions. We can prove this (I speak as a Fabricator) by explicit and incontrovertible reference to facts and figures.

How much (the following illustrations and arguments are not my own: they are derived entirely from the answer I receive to my application)—how much does it cost at present to dress a lady, shawl a lady, and bonnet a lady; to parasol and slipper a lady, and to make a lady quite happy after that, with a porte-monnaie, an album, and a book-cover? Eight pounds—and dirt cheap, too. The Fabric will do the whole thing—now that "sixty veneers have been cut to the inch," mind, but not before—for Two pounds. How much does it cost to carpet, rug, curtain, chair-cover, decorate, table-cover, and paper-hang a small house? Assume ruin to the manufacturer, and say, as a joke, Ten pounds. The Fabric, neatly cutting its sixty veneers to the inch, will furnish the house, as it furnishes the lady, for Two pounds. What follows?

Houses of small size and ladies of all sizes employ the Fabric. What returns pour in? Look at the population of houses and ladies, and say Seventy Millions Sterling per annum. Add foreign houses and foreign ladies, under the head of Exports, and say Thirty Millions per annum more. Is this too much for the ordinary mind to embrace? It is very good. The patentee is perfectly willing to descend the scale at a jump; to address the narrowest comprehension; and to knock off nine-tenths. Remainder, Ten Millions. Say that "the royalty" will be thirty per cent., and "such profit would give three millions of pounds sterling to be divided among the shareholders." Simple, as the simplest sum in the Multiplication Table: simple as two and two make four.

I am aware that the obstinate incredulity of the age will inquire why the fortunate Patentee does not keep these prodigious returns to himself. How base is Suspicion! How easily, in this instance, is it answered and rebuked! The Patentee refrains from keeping the returns to himself, because he doesn't want money. His lithographed circular informs me—really and truly does inform me, and will inform you if you have to do with him—that he has had "a good fortune" left him, and that he is "heir to several thousand pounds a year." With these means at his disposal, he might of course work his inestimable patent with his own resources. But no!—he *will* let the public in. What a man! How noble his handwriting must be, in a graphiological point of view! What phrases are grateful enough to acknowledge his personal kindness in issuing shares to me at "the totally-inadequate sum"—to use his own modest words—of five shillings each? Happy, happy day, when I and the Fabric and the Patentee were all three introduced to one another!

When a man is so fortunate as to know himself, from the height of his "volatile liveliness" to the depth of his "melancholy tenderness"—as I know myself—when, elevated on a multiform Fabric, he looks down from the regions of perpetual wealth on the narrow necessities of the work-a-day world beneath him—but one other action is left for that man to perform, if he wishes to make the sum of his earthly felicity complete. The ladies will already have anticipated that the action which I now refer to as final may be comprehended in one word—Marriage.

The course of all disbelievers in advertisements, where they are brought face to face with this grand emergency, is more or less tortuous, troubled, lengthy, and uncertain. No man of this unhappy stamp can fall in love, bill and coo, and finally get himself married, without a considerable amount of doubt, vexation, and disappointment occurring at one period or other in the general transaction of his amatory affairs. Through want of faith and postage stamps, mankind have agreed to recognise these very disagreeable drawbacks as so many inevitable misfortunes: dozens of popular proverbs assert

their necessary existence, and nine-tenths of our successful novels are filled with the sympathetic recital of them in successions of hysterical chapters. And yet, singular as it may appear, the most cursory reference to the advertising columns of the newspapers is sufficient to show the fallacy of this view, if readers would only exercise (as I do) their faculties of implicit belief. As there are infallible secrets for discovering character by handwriting, and making fortunes by Fabrics, so there are other infallible secrets for falling in love with the right woman, fascinating her in the right way, and proposing to her at the right time, which render doubt, disappointment, or hesitation, at any period of the business, so many absolute impossibilities. Once again, let me confute incredulous humanity, by quoting my own happy experience.

Now, mark. I think it desirable to settle in life. Good. Do I range over my whole acquaintance; do I frequent balls, concerts, and public promenades; do I spend long days in wearisome country-houses, and sun myself persistently at the watering-places of England—all for the purpose of finding a woman to marry? I am too wise to give myself any such absurd amount of trouble. I simply start my preliminary operations by answering the following advertisement:

"TO THE UNMARRIED.—If you wish to Marry, send a stamped-addressed envelope to the Advertiser, who will put you in possession of a *Secret* by means of which you can win the affections of as many of the opposite sex as your heart may desire. This is suitable for either sex; for the old or young, rich or poor, whether of prepossessing appearance or otherwise.—Address, Mr. Flam, London."

When the answer reaches me, I find Mr. Flam—although undoubtedly a benefactor to mankind—to be scarcely so ready of access and so expansive in his nature as the Proprietor of the Fabric. Instead of sending me the *Secret*, he transmits a printed paper, informing me that he wants two shillings worth of postage stamps first. To my mind, it seems strange that he should have omitted to mention this in the Advertisement. But I send the stamps, nevertheless; and get the *Secret* back from Mr. Flam, in the form of a printed paper. Half of this paper is addressed to the fair sex, and is therefore, I fear, of no use to me. The other half, however, addresses the lords of the creation; and I find the *Secret* summed up at the end, for their benefit, in these few but most remarkable words:

"TO THE MALE SEX.—If a woman is clean and neat in her dress, respects the Sabbath, and is dutiful towards her parents, happy will be the man who makes her his wife."

Most astonishing! All great discoveries are simple. Is it not amazing that nobody should have had the smallest suspicion of the sublime truth expressed above, until Mr. Flam suddenly hit on it? How cheap, too—how scandalously cheap at two shillings! And this is the man

whose generosity I doubted—the man who not only bursts on me with a new revelation, but adds to it a column of advice, every sentence of which is more than worth its tributary postage stamp. Assuming that I have fixed on my young woman, Mr. Flam teaches me how to “circumvent” her, in the following artful and irresistible manner:

I must see her as often as possible. I must have something fresh to relate to her at every interview; and I must get that “something fresh” out of the newspapers. I must tell her where I have been, and where I am going to, and what I have seen, and what I expect to see; and if she wants to go with me, I must take her, and, what is more, I must be lively, and “come out with a few witty remarks, and be as amusing as possible”—for (and here is another Secret, another great discovery thrown in for nothing) I must recollect that “the funny man is always a favourite with the ladies.” Amazing insight! How does Mr. Flam get down into these deep, these previously-unsuspected well-springs of female human nature? One would like a brief memoir of this remarkable person, accompanied by his portrait from a photograph, and enriched by a fac-simile (for graphiological purposes) of his handwriting.

To return once more, and for the last time, to myself. It may be objected that, although Mr. Flam has illuminated me with an inestimable secret, has fortified me with invaluable advice for making myself agreeable, and has assured me that if I attend to it, I may, “after a few weeks, boldly declare my love, and make certain of receiving a favourable answer,” he has, apparently, omitted, judging by my abstract of his reply, to inform me of the terms in which I am to make my offer, when I and my young woman are mutually ready for it. This is true. I am told to declare my love boldly; but I am not told how to do it, because Mr. Flam, of London, is honourably unwilling to interfere with the province of a brother-benefactor, Mr. Hum, of Hull, who for twenty-six postage stamps (see Advertisement) will continue the process of my enlightenment, from the point at which it left off, in “the most wonderful, astonishing, and curious work ever published in the English language, entitled MATRIMONY MADE EASY; OR, HOW TO WIN A LOVER.” It is unnecessary to say that I send for this work, and two new discoveries flash upon me at the first perusal of it.

My first discovery is, that identically the same ideas on the subject of matrimony, and identically the same phrases in expressing them, appear to have occurred to Mr. Flam, of London, and to Mr. Hum, of Hull. The whole first part of Mr. Hum’s pamphlet is, sentence for sentence, and word for word, an exact repetition of the printed paper previously forwarded to me by Mr. Flam. To superficial minds this very remarkable coincidence might suggest that Mr. Flam and Mr. Hum, in spite of the difference in their respective names and addresses, were one and the same individual. To those who, like myself,

look deeper, any such injurious theory as this is inadmissible, because it implies that a benefactor to mankind is capable of dividing himself in two for the sake of fraudulently procuring from the public a double allowance of postage stamps. This is, under the circumstances, manifestly impossible. Mr. Flam, therefore, in my mind, remains a distinct and perfect Flam, and Mr. Hum, a distinct and perfect Hum; and the similarity of their ideas and expressions is simply another confirmation of the well-known adage which refers to the simultaneous jumping of two great wits to one conclusion. So much for my first discovery.

The second revelation bursts out on me from the second part of Mr. Hum’s pamphlet, which I may remark, in parenthesis, is purely and entirely his own. I have been previously in the habit of believing that offers of marriage might extend themselves in the matter of verbal expression, to an almost infinite variety of forms. Mr. Hum, however, taking me up at the point where Mr. Flam has set me down, amazes and delights me by showing that the matrimonial advances of the whole population of bachelors may be confidently made to the whole population of spinsters, in one short and definitely-stated form of words. Mr. Flam has told me when to declare my love; and Mr. Hum, in the following paragraph, goes a step further, and tells me how to do it:

“When the gentleman has somewhat familiarised himself with the lady, and perceived that he is not, at all events, an object of aversion or ridicule, he should seek a favourable opportunity, and speak to this effect:—‘I have come (miss, or madam, as the case may be) to take a probably final leave of you.’ The lady will naturally ask the reason; when the lover can add (and if he is a fellow of any feeling, the occasion may give a depth of tone and an effect to his eloquence, that may turn the beam in his favour, if it was an even balance before):—‘Because, madam, I find your society has become so dear to me, that I fear I must fly to save myself, as I may not dare to hope that the suit of a stranger might be crowned with success.’”

No more—we single men may think it short—but there is actually not a word more. Maid or widow, whichever she may be, “crowned with success,” is the last she will get out of us men. If she means to blush, hesitate, tremble, and sink on our bosoms, she had better be quick about it, on the utterance of the word “success.” Our carpet-bag is in the hall, and we shall take that “final leave” of ours, to a dead certainty, unless she looks sharp. Mr. Hum adds, that she probably *will* look sharp. Not a doubt of it. Thank you, Mr. Hum; you have more than earned your postage stamps; we need trouble you no further.

I am now thoroughly prepared for my future transactions with the fair sex—but where, it may be objected, is the woman on whom I am to exercise my little arts? It is all very well for me to boast that I am above the necessity of toiling after her, here, there, and everywhere—toil for her, I must: nobody will spare me

that trouble, at any rate. I beg pardon—Destiny (for a consideration of postage stamps) will willingly spare me the trouble. Destiny, if I will patiently bide my time (which I am only too willing to do), will hunt out a woman of the right complexion for me, and will bring her within easy hearing-distance of the great Hum formula at the proper moment. How can I possibly know this? Just as I know everything else, by putting my trust in advertisements, and not being stingy with my postage stamps. Here is the modest offer of service which Destiny, speaking through the newspapers, makes to mankind:

"THE FUTURE FORETOLD.—Any persons wishing to have their future lives revealed to them correctly, should send their age, sex, and eighteen stamps, to Mr. Nimbus (whose prophecies never fail)."

I send my age, my sex, and my eighteen stamps; and Mr. Nimbus, as the mouthpiece of Destiny, speaks thus encouragingly in return:

"PRIVATE.—I have carefully studied your destiny, and I find that you were born under the planet Mars. You have experienced in life some changes, and all has not been found to answer your expectations. There are brighter days and happier hours before you, and the present year will bring to you greater advantages than the past. You will marry a Female of Fair Complexion, most desirous of gaining your hand." (That's the woman! I am perfectly satisfied. Destiny will bring us together; the system of Mr. Flam will endear us to each other; and the formula of Mr. Hum will clench the tender business. All right, Mr. Nimbus—what next?) "You will make a most fortunate speculation with a Male of whom you have some knowledge"—(evidently the proprietor of the Fabric)—"and, although there will be some difficulties arise for a time, they will again disappear, and your Star rises in the ascendant. You will be successful in your undertakings and pursuits, and you will attain to a position in life desirable to your future welfare."

I have done. All the advertisements presented here, I must again repeat, are real advertisements. Nothing is changed in any of them but the names of the advertisers. The answers copied are genuine answers obtained, only a short time since, in the customary way, by formal applications. I need say no more. The lesson of wise credulity which I undertook to teach, from the record of my own experience, is now before the world, and I may withdraw again into the healthy, wealthy, and wise retirement from which I have emerged solely for the good of others.

Take a last fond look at me before I go. Behold me immovably fixed in my good opinion of myself, by the discriminating powers of Graphiology; prospectively enriched by the vast future proceeds of my Fabric; thoroughly well grounded in the infallible rules for Courtship and Matrimony, and confidently awaiting the Female of Fair Complexion, on whom I shall practise them. Favoured by these circumstances, lavishly provided for in every possible respect, free from everything in the shape

of cares, doubts, and anxieties, who can say that I have not accurately described myself as "the happiest man alive;" and who can venture to dispute that this position of perfect bliss is the obvious and necessary consequence of a wise belief in Advertisements?

OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

WANTED.

VERY PARTICULARLY; the chief engineer of the steam-ship Bagota, who ordered a man to be roasted to death at a furnace. Which order was obeyed, under circumstances of brutality, both active and passive, so abominable, that the earth can hardly be expected to produce grains and fruits after their several kinds while the said engineer remains unchanged upon it.

If this should meet the eye of the magistrate who permitted that murderer to go at large on bail, he is informed that he is not likely to hear of anything to his advantage.

THE REASON WHY London aldermanic justice, in the current month of April, sentenced a ruffian, for a series of perfectly unprovoked assaults of a most violent description, beginning with a respectable young woman and ending with the police in general, to one month's imprisonment only. The attention of Mr. Alderman Mechi is invited.

THE PHILANTHROPISTS who are so benevolent as to open the public-houses, free of expense, at election time. Also, the good Samaritans who pay arrears of rent for people, at about the same period.

IN ACTION, an original English play of any description within the limits of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

A FEW IDEAS for the walls of the Royal Academy. One hundred cart-loads of fancy dresses, dolls, and old furniture, may be taken in exchange.

SOME NEWER TUB for the whale-taking trade, than a cry of Revolution to catch a pension. Address, Buckinghamshire.

A NATIONAL RECORD of the death of a true hero—DORMAN by name—who, on the inundation of a colliery in South Wales, during the present month, rejected the means of immediate escape which were offered to him, and perished, a sacrifice to his own noble efforts to save the workmen committed to his charge.

"WANTED," a Baby to Nurse, by a Fond Mother, who has lost Five Infants of her own." An advertisement having appeared in the Times the other day with this beginning, Dr. HEROD undertakes to teach, to those persons who prefer the management of their own children, a Fond Mother's System in THREE

ORATIONS. The first Oration will be upon Daffy, or Infant Medication. This will be succeeded by an Oration on Spoonmeat, demonstrating the objectionable fluidity of milk, and the necessity of nourishing a child on grits. The third Oration will be on Bare Legs, with a most earnest exhortation to fond parents to try the effect of discarding leg-coverings themselves for at least one autumn and winter. An infant band of Bronchitic Minstrels will attend to perform popular variations on the British Cough.

FOUND.

A **LWAYS.** An immense flock of gulls to believe in preposterous advertisements.

A **GREAT DEAL OF MONEY** belonging to nobody, on its way to boroughs and counties to do nothing.

A **N EXCELLENT EXAMPLE,** set by the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who has mercifully employed himself in turning the gravelled airing ground, which forms the hospital quadrangle, into a garden for the benefit of convalescent patients.

A **LITTLE ESTIMATE** of expenses for improving London, issued by the Metropolitan Board of Works, and amounting to the sum of (say) Twenty Millions sterling. The attention of all housekeepers, who may find their present taxes too light for them, is particularly directed to this gratifying document.

A **CONSIDERABLE QUANTITY** of ready-made political sympathy for the working-classes, scattered principally about the large electoral districts. To be sold, in the course of the next six weeks, for the benefit of the original manufacturers. Apply at the hustings.

I **N A FEW SHEETS** of town and country newspapers, supposed to have been dropped by a gang of coiners, a mass of **BASE TATTLE**, ticketed "Literary Intelligence," and several **FLASH NOTES**, endorsed "From our London Correspondent." These have been forwarded to the nearest Dust-Contractor, but dealers in small talk are cautioned against unwary acceptance of any more of this base coin that may still be current. It is chiefly to the effect that the eminent John Jones's private income is nine, four, two, six and twopence-halfpenny. Also that Smith has asked Thompson to tell Watson that Johnson thinks Wilkinson has promised to give Wilson a thousand pounds a minute for five years.

MISSING.

O **N ALL OCCASIONS,** the man who is responsible for anything done ill in the public service. He will particularly oblige by coming forward.

A **DECENT PRETEXT** for plunging the nations of Europe into the losses, crimes, miseries, and horrors of war. Apply at the chief

office, Paris; or, at the branch establishment, Turin.

T **HE SLIGHTEST SYMPATHY,** in any part of the civilised world, for the sufferings of the King of Naples.

A **NOTICE TO ECCLESIASTICAL MARINERS,** pointing out the safe middle course to steer, between the Low Church Rocks, and the High Church Quicksands. Also, a manual of instructions for the accurate trimming of sails, when the storms of clerical remonstrance blow together from two different points of the compass. Address (post-paid), The Commanding Officer of her Majesty's Ship, Diocese of Oxford.

THE CITY OF EARTHLY EDEN.

S **HEDDÁD** the Mighty, the great of limb,
Had the kings of the whole earth under him:
They held their thrones at his pleasure, and all
Came and went at his beck and call.
His heart swell'd within him, and, mad with power,
To his vassals he said, in an evil hour:
"I have read in the ancient histories
Of the gardens and cities of Paradise,
Whereto the spirit of man is bidden
When, passing the Gate of Death, now hidden,
It walks in the countries far away.—
Let those who please await that day:
The will of the crowd availeth not
To expedite their promis'd lot;
But mine is strong and stern as Fate;
And I on the earth will emulate
The pomp of that celestial state;
Till, like a planet vast and bright,
That dazzles the day and kills the night,
And waneth never, nor taketh flight,
In the heavens shall hang the golden light
Of the City of Earthly Eden.

"Depart, then, to the mines that lie
In the caves of the mountains far and nigh,
And out of the heat and the swarthy glooms
Of Nature's subterranean rooms
Bring heavy lumps of burning gold,
And bars of silver, white and cold,
And the chrysolite, glancing yellow and green,
And the emerald, arrowy, quick, and keen,
And the ruby's throbbing heart of splendour,
Where the prison'd light beats soft and tender,
And trembles, 'twixt love and sorrow and bliss,
For the outer light which it can bat kiss,
But never shall join through the endless ages:
And let the lords and the greybeard sages
Search out, with diligent toil and pain,
A spot on some delightful plain,
Where rivers four from a mountain single
Their waves with a murmuring measure mingle;
And there, to a sound of choral song,
Build the bases steady and strong,
And lift the terraces light and long,
In the City of Earthly Eden."

The vassals heard, and bow'd, and went
Their several ways, and the wonderment
Was blown abroad to the uttermost bound
Of the great earth's all-containing round;
And the tribes and nations hurried forth
From beyond the mountains of the North,

And from out of the windy Scythian waste,
 And the Indian jungles interlaced,
 And the valleys cradled in the stone
 Of Kaf, the world's gigantic zone,*
 And wide Armenia's pastoral lands,
 And awful Egypt, and the sands
 At the solemn heart of Africa.
 Obedient to their mighty Shah,
 They swarm'd like flies; and, after these,
 From the distant islands of the seas
 Came more and more; and all address'd
 Their minds towards that strange behest,
 That they might see, with living eyes,
 Like a slowly-kindling dawn, arise
 The glow of this new Paradise,
 The City of Earthly Eden.

For twenty years, with labour stark,
 They mined and dug by light and dark,
 And the naked divers dived for pearls
 In the Indian ocean's perilous swirls,
 And the slaves collected, piece by piece,
 Saffron and myrrh and ambergria.
 Then they search'd the deserts far away,
 And the grassy steppes; till, on a day,
 They found a plain of vast extent,
 Through which four flashing rivers bent
 Their interwoven course from where,
 In the hot horizon's quivering air,
 The soft blue mountains lay like smoke,
 Or mists of morning; and they broke
 The soil, and, under the hollow sphere
 Of the heavens, eternal and austere,
 They mark'd the circuit of the walls,
 And the flanking towers at intervals,
 And cried, with a roaring, Bacchanal sound,
 "Behold, behold, the chosen ground
 That shall, in the lapse of time, be crown'd
 By the City of Earthly Eden!"

Then day by day, and year by year,
 The severing deserts, sandy and sere,
 Were cross'd by the long processional lines
 Of the camels moving from the mines,—
 Moving slowly under the sun,
 Endlessly moving, one by one,
 Each over his gliding shadow steering
 His ship-like way, as the shadow, veering,
 And dwindling now, and now dilating,
 On the sun's great course kept humbly waiting.
 From the tracts and countries across the sea
 Came the wing'd vessels boundingly,
 With jasper, of many a freakish stain,
 And the spiky coral with blushing grain,
 All virgin-fresh from the cloister'd caves
 And the lonely dimness under the waves,
 And agate, and red cornelian,
 And perfumed woods from which there ran—
 With a motion that linger'd reluctantly there—
 Gums worthy to weep in the glamour and glare,
 And to breathe their odours into the air,
 Of the City of Earthly Eden.

Up in its loveliness rose the gleam
 Of the palaces wrought in that city of dream;
 Up rose each lofty pavilion,
 Tier by tier, till it lighten'd and shone
 Far over the plain with a restless rain
 Of splendour, dazzling eye and brain.
 In channels of gold, through the streets below,
 The wandering rivers were made to flow,

* The Orientals regarded Kaf (Caucasus) as a stony girdle round the earth.

Feeding with freshness, up from their roots
 (Till the sap laugh'd out into flowers and fruits),
 The trees that were planted reposingly
 Wherever the water glimmer'd by:
 And high in the heavens, like ice and fire
 Commingled, one central diamond spire
 Froze in its burning across the domes,
 And the towers and temples and Sybarite homes,
 And the columns and ramparts and pyramids,—
 Alluring and distant, like something that bids
 All men turn aside from the deserts, and rest
 From the fever and fume and the wearisome quest
 Of life, and repose, as a bird in its nest,
 In the City of Earthly Eden.

Proud and exulting, the Ruler of men
 Saw his vision of glory completed; and then
 He marshall'd his warriors, host on host,
 Many and bright as the waves on the coast,
 And trooping like waves in a measured accord,
 And the women who own'd him as husband and lord
 And the dancing maidens, dancing in time
 To the rhythm of their anklets' chime,
 And the slaves and the courtiers, and all who lay
 In the light of his presence, like stars in the ray
 Of the moon, when the moon is full-orb'd in the sky:
 And he in the midst, with his sovereign eye,
 That kindled superbly whenever the blast
 Of the trumpets came whirling and eddying past,
 Proclaim'd the new Paradise made by his will.
 As he spoke, the air, hearkening, dropp'd awfully
 still;
 And when he had finish'd, that princely rout,
 In the freshness of early dawn, set out—
 With much of hope, and something of doubt,
 And a flutter of fear, that crept about—
 For the City of Earthly Eden.

Into the deserts they rode. Each night
 They dreamt some dream of the coming delight,
 And all day long through the trampling throng
 Flow'd the wave of a heart-uplifting song.
 At length, o'er the solitude, lucid and vast,
 And dilating and sun-like, the city grew fast;
 When suddenly, out of the distance, came
 A cry of such might that it burnt like flame
 Through the hosts of the monarch, and parch'd into
 sand
 Every creature that heard it. But still in that land
 The city remains, and for aye shall remain,
 Shut round by the hush of the desert plain,
 Inaccessible, lonely, unpeopled, remote.*
 But out of the noon of its splendours float
 Strange beams, which are seen in the dark far
 away;
 And the people, beholding that effluence, say:
 "Sheddéd the Mighty, thy doom was just!
 Dust thou liest within the dust;

* The story here related is an Arabian legend, which Mr. Lane has eloquently rendered in the Notes to his translation of *The Thousand and One Nights*. The site of the marvellous city is supposed to be in the deserts of Aden, at the extreme south of the Arabian peninsula. Occasionally, as tradition affirms, a wanderer in the desert comes accidentally upon the gorgeous mass of palaces and pavilions, and finds them vacant; but this is very seldom. The reader will observe that the story has a similarity to that of Zobeide in *The Arabian Nights*. The existence of the deserted, but magnificent, city of Petra, in the midst of a rocky wilderness, may have led to the invention of this fable.

And all around thee thy myriads sleep,
Heavily, darkly, dead, and deep,
And nothing beside the wind dare creep
Through the City of Earthly Eden."

THE POOR MAN AND HIS BEER.

My friend Philosewers and I, contemplating a farm-labourer the other day, who was drinking his mug of beer on a settle at a road-side ale-house door, we fell to humming the fag-end of an old ditty, of which the poor man and his beer, and the sin of parting them, form the doleful burden. Philosewers then mentioned to me that a friend of his in an agricultural county—say a Hertfordshire friend—had, for two years last past, endeavoured to reconcile the poor man and his beer to public morality, by making it a point of honour between himself and the poor man that the latter should use his beer and not abuse it. Interested in an effort of so unobtrusive and unspeccifying a nature, "O Philosewers," said I, after the manner of the dreary sages in Eastern apologues, "Show me, I pray, the man who deems that temperance can be attained without a medal, an oration, a banner, and a denunciation of half the world, and who has at once the head and heart to set about it!"

Philosewers expressing, in reply, his willingness to gratify the dreary sage, an appointment was made for the purpose. And on the day fixed, I, the Dreary one, accompanied by Philosewers, went down Nor'-West per railway, in search of temperate temperance. It was a thunderous day; and the clouds were so immoderately watery, and so very much disposed to sour all the beer in Hertfordshire, that they seemed to have taken the pledge.

But, the sun burst forth gaily in the afternoon, and gilded the old gables, and old mullioned windows, and old weathercock and old clock-face, of the quaint old house which is the dwelling of the man we sought. How shall I describe him? As one of the most famous practical chemists of the age? That designation will do as well as another—better, perhaps, than most others. And his name? Friar Bacon.

"Though, take notice, Philosewers," said I, behind my hand, "that the first Friar Bacon had not that handsome lady-wife beside him. Wherein, O Philosewers, he was a chemist, wretched and forlorn, compared with his successor. Young Romeo bade the holy father Lawrence hang up philosophy, unless philosophy could make a Juliet. Chemistry would infallibly be hanged if its life were staked on making anything half so pleasant as this Juliet." The gentle Philosewers smiled assent.

The foregoing whisper from myself, the Dreary one, tickled the ear of Philosewers, as we walked on the trim garden terrace before dinner, among the early leaves and blossoms; two peacocks, apparently in very tight new boots, occasionally crossing the gravel at a distance. The sun, shining through the old house-windows, now and

then flashed out some brilliant piece of colour from bright hangings within, or upon the old oak panelling; similarly, Friar Bacon, as we paced to and fro, revealed little glimpses of his good work.

"It is not much," said he. "It is no wonderful thing. There used to be a great deal of drunkenness here, and I wanted to make it better if I could. The people are very ignorant, and have been much neglected, and I wanted to make *that* better, if I could. My utmost object was, to help them to a little self-government and a little homely pleasure. I only show the way to better things, and advise them. I never act for them; I never interfere; above all, I never patronise."

I had said to Philosewers as we came along Nor'-West that patronage was one of the curses of England. I appeared to rise in the estimation of Philosewers when thus confirmed.

"And so," said Friar Bacon, "I established my Allotment-club, and my pig-clubs, and those little Concerts by the ladies of my own family, of which we have the last of the season this evening. They are a great success, for the people here are amazingly fond of music. But there is the early dinner-bell, and I have no need to talk of my endeavours when you will soon see them in their working dress."

Dinner done, behold the Friar, Philosewers, and myself the Dreary one, walking, at six o'clock, across the fields, to the "Club-house."

As we swung open the last field-gate and entered the Allotment-grounds, many members were already on their way to the Club, which stands in the midst of the allotments. Who could help thinking of the wonderful contrast between these club-men and the club-men of St. James's-street, or Pall-mall, in London! Look at yonder prematurely old man, doubled up with work, and leaning on a rude stick more crooked than himself, slowly trudging to the club-house, in a shapeless hat like an Italian harlequin's, or an old brown-paper bag, leathern leggings, and dull green smock-frock, looking as though duck-weed had accumulated on it—the result of its stagnant life—or as if it were a vegetable production, originally meant to blow into something better, but stopped somehow. Compare him with Old Cousin Feenix, ambling along St. James's-street, got up in the style of a couple of generations ago, and with a head of hair, a complexion, and a set of teeth, profoundly impossible to be believed in by the widest stretch of human credulity. Can they both be men and brothers? Verily they are. And although Cousin Feenix has lived so fast that he will die at Baden-Baden, and although this club-man in the frock has lived, ever since he came to man's estate, on nine shillings a week, and is sure to die in the Union if he die in bed, yet he brought as much into the world as Cousin Feenix, and will take as much out—more, for more of him is real.

A pretty, simple building, the club-house, with a rustic colonnade outside, under which the members can sit on wet evenings, looking at

the patches of ground they cultivate for themselves; within, a well-ventilated room, large and lofty, cheerful pavement of coloured tiles, a bar for serving out the beer, good supply of forms and chairs, and a brave big chimney-corner, where the fire burns cheerfully. Adjoining this room, another:

"Built for a reading-room," said Friar Bacon; "but not much used—yet."

The dreary sage, looking in through the window, perceiving a fixed reading-desk within, and inquiring its use:

"I have Service there," said Friar Bacon. "They never went anywhere to hear prayers, and of course it would be hopeless to help them to be happier and better, if they had no religious feeling at all."

"The whole place is very pretty." Thus the sage.

"I am glad you think so. I built it for the holders of the Allotment-grounds, and gave it them: only requiring them to manage it by a committee of their own appointing, and never to get drunk there. They never have got drunk there."

"Yet they have their beer freely."

"O yes. As much as they choose to buy. The club gets its beer direct from the brewer, by the barrel. So they get it good; at once much cheaper, and much better, than at the public-house. The members take it in turns to be steward, and serve out the beer: if a man should decline to serve when his turn came, he would pay a fine of twopence. The steward lasts, as long as the barrel lasts. When there is a new barrel, there is a new steward."

"What a noble fire is roaring up that chimney!"

"Yes, a capital fire. Every member pays a halfpenny a week."

"Every member must be the holder of an Allotment-garden?"

"Yes; for which he pays five shillings a year. The Allotments you see about us, occupy some sixteen or eighteen acres, and each garden is as large as experience shows one man to be able to manage. You see how admirably they are tilled, and how much they get off them. They are always working in them in their spare hours; and when a man wants a mug of beer, instead of going off to the village and the public-house, he puts down his spade or his hoe, comes to the club-house and gets it, and goes back to his work. When he has done work, he likes to have his beer at the club, still, and to sit and look at his little crops as they thrive."

"They seem to manage the club very well."

"Perfectly well. Here are their own rules. They made them. I never interfere with them, except to advise them when they ask me."

RULES AND REGULATIONS

MADE BY THE COMMITTEE,

From the 21st September, 1857.

One half-penny per week to be paid to the club by each member.

1.—Each member to draw the beer in order, ac-

cording to the number of his allotment; on failing, a forfeit of twopence to be paid to the club.

2.—The member that draws the beer to pay for the same, and bring his ticket up receipted when the subscriptions are paid; on failing to do so, a penalty of sixpence to be forfeited and paid to the club.

3.—The subscriptions and forfeits to be paid at the club-room on the last Saturday night of each month.

4.—The subscriptions and forfeits to be cleared up every quarter; if not, a penalty of sixpence to be paid to the club.

5.—The member that draws the beer to be at the club-room by six o'clock every evening, and stay till ten; but in the event of no member being there, he may leave at nine; on failing so to attend, a penalty of sixpence to be paid to the club.

6.—Any member giving beer to a stranger in this club-room, excepting to his wife or family, shall be liable to the penalty of one shilling.

7.—Any member lifting his hand to strike another in this club-room shall be liable to the penalty of sixpence.

8.—Any member swearing in this club-room shall be liable to a penalty of twopence each time.

9.—Any member selling beer shall be expelled from the club.

10.—Any member wishing to give up his allotment, may apply to the committee, and they shall value the crop and the condition of the ground. The amount of the valuation shall be paid by the succeeding tenant, who shall be allowed to enter on any part of the allotment which is uncropped at the time of notice of the leaving tenant.

11.—Any member not keeping his allotment-garden clear from seed-weeds, or otherwise injuring his neighbours, may be turned out of his garden by the votes of two-thirds of the committee, one month's notice being given to him.

12.—Any member carelessly breaking a mug, is to pay the cost of replacing the same.

I was soliciting the attention of Philosewers to some old old bonnets hanging in the Allotment-gardens to frighten the birds, and the fashion of which I should think would terrify a French bird to death at any distance, when Philosewers solicited my attention to the scrapers at the club-house door. The amount of the soil of England which every member brought there on his feet, was indeed surprising; and even I, who am professedly a salad-eater, could have grown a salad for my dinner, in the earth on any member's frock or hat.

"Now," said Friar Bacon, looking at his watch, "for the Pig-clubs!"

The dreary Sage entreated explanation.

"Why, a pig is so very valuable to a poor labouring man, and it is so very difficult for him at this time of the year to get money enough to buy one, that I lend him a pound for the purpose. But, I do it in this way. I leave such of the club members as choose it and desire it, to form themselves into parties of five. To every man

in each company of five, I lend a pound, to buy a pig. But, each, man of the five becomes bound for every other man, as to the repayment of his money. Consequently, they look after one another, and pick out their partners with care; selecting men in whom they have confidence."

"They repay the money, I suppose, when the pig is fattened, killed, and sold?"

"Yes. Then they repay the money. And they do repay it. I had one man, last year, who was a little turdy (he was in the habit of going to the public-house); but even he did pay. It is an immense advantage to one of these poor fellows to have a pig. The pig consumes the refuse from the man's cottage and Allotment-garden, and the pig's refuse enriches the man's garden besides. The pig is the poor man's friend. Come into the club-house again."

The poor man's friend. Yes. I have often wondered who really was the poor man's friend among a great number of competitors, and I now clearly perceive him to be the pig. He never makes any flourishes about the poor man. He never gammons the poor man—except to his manifest advantage in the article of bacon. He never comes down to this house, or goes down to his constituents. He openly declares to the poor man, "I want my sty because I am a Pig; I desire to have as much to eat as you can by any means stuff me with, because I am a Pig." He never gives the poor man a sovereign for bringing up a family. He never grunts the poor man's name in vain. And when he dies in the odour of Porkity, he cuts up, a highly useful creature and a blessing to the poor man, from the ring in his snout to the curl in his tail. Which of the poor man's other friends can say as much? Where is the M.P. who means Mere Pork?

The dreary Sage had glided into these reflections, when he found himself sitting by the club-house fire, surrounded by green smock-frocks and shapeless hats: with Friar Bacon lively, busy, and expert, at a little table near him.

"Now, then, come. The first five!" said Friar Bacon. "Where are you?"

"Order!" cried a merry-faced little man, who had brought his young daughter with him to see life, and who always modestly hid his face in his beer-mug after he had thus assisted the business.

"John Nightingale, William Thrush, Joseph Blackbird, Cecil Robin, and Thomas Linnet!" cried Friar Bacon.

"Here, sir!" and "Here, sir!" And Linnet, Robin, Blackbird, Thrush, and Nightingale, stood confessed.

We, the undersigned, declare, in effect, by this written paper, that each of us is responsible for the repayment of this pig-money by each of the other. "Sure you understand, Nightingale?"

"Ees, sur."

"Can you write your name, Nightingale?"

"Na, sur."

Nightingale's eye upon his name, as Friar Bacon wrote it, was a sight to consider in after years. Rather incredulous was Nightingale,

with a hand at the corner of his mouth, and his head on one side, as to those drawings really meaning him. Doubtful was Nightingale whether any virtue had gone out of him in that committal to paper. Meditative was Nightingale as to what would come of young Nightingale's growing up to the acquisition of that art. Suspended was the interest of Nightingale, when his name was done—as if he thought the letters were only sown, to come up presently in some other form. Prodigious, and wrong-handed was the cross made by Nightingale on much encouragement—the strokes directed from him instead of towards him; and most patient and sweet-humoured was the smile of Nightingale as he stepped back into a general laugh.

"Or—der!" cried the little man. Immediately disappearing into his mug.

"Ralph Mangel, Roger Wurzel, Edward Vetches, Matthew Carrot, and Charles Taters!" said Friar Bacon.

"All here, sir."

"You understand it, Mangel?"

"Iss, sir, I unnerstaans it."

"Can you write your name, Mangel?"

"Iss, sir."

Breathless interest. A dense background of smock-frocks accumulated behind Mangel, and many eyes in it looked doubtfully at Friar Bacon, as who should say, "Can he really though?" Mangel put down his hat, retired a little to get a good look at the paper, wetted his right hand thoroughly by drawing it slowly across his mouth, approached the paper with great determination, flattened it, sat down at it, and got well to his work. Circuitous and sea-serpent-like, were the movements of the tongue of Mangel while he formed the letters; elevated were the eyebrows of Mangel and sidelong the eyes, as, with his left whisker reposing on his left arm, they followed his performance; many were the misgivings of Mangel, and slow was his retrospective meditation touching the junction of the letter p with h; something too active was the big forefinger of Mangel in its propensity to rub out without proved cause. At last, long and deep was the breath drawn by Mangel when he laid down the pen; long and deep the wondering breath drawn by the back ground—as if they had watched his walking across the rapids of Niagara, on stilts, and now cried, "He has done it!"

But, Mangel was an honest man, if ever honest man lived. "T'owt to be a hell, sir," said he, contemplating his work, "and I ha' made a t on't."

The over-fraught bosoms of the background found relief in a roar of laughter.

"Or—DER!" cried the little man. "CHEER!" And after that second word, came forth from his mug no more.

Several other clubs signed, and received their money. Very few could write their names; all who could not, pleaded that they could not, more or less sorrowfully, and always with a shake of the head, and in a lower voice than their natural speaking voice. Crosses could be made standing;

signatures must be sat down to. There was no exception to this rule. Meantime, the various club-members smoked, drank their beer, and talked together quite unrestrained. They all wore their hats, except when they went up to Friar Bacon's table. The merry-faced little man offered his beer, with a natural good-fellowship, both to the Dreary one and Philosewers. Both partook of it with thanks.

"Seven o'clock!" said Friar Bacon. "And now we had better get across to the concert, men, for the music will be beginning."

The concert was in Friar Bacon's laboratory; a large building near at hand, in an open field. The bettermost people of the village and neighbourhood were in a gallery on one side, and, in a gallery opposite the orchestra. The whole space below was filled with the labouring people and their families, to the number of five or six hundred. We had been obliged to turn away two hundred to-night, Friar Bacon said, for want of room—and that, not counting the boys, of whom we had taken in only a few picked ones, by reason of the boys, as a class, being given to too fervent a custom of applauding with their boot-heels.

The performers were the ladies of Friar Bacon's family, and two gentlemen; one of them, who presided, a Doctor of Music. A piano was the only instrument. Among the vocal pieces, we had a negro melody (rapturously encored), the Indian Drum, and the Village Blacksmith; neither did we want for fashionable Italian, having *Ah! non giunge*, and *Mi manca la voce*. Our success was splendid; our good-humoured, unaffected, and modest bearing, a pattern. As to the audience, they were far more polite and far more pleased than at the Opera; they were faultless. Thus for barely an hour the concert lasted, with thousands of great bottles looking on from the walls, containing the results of Friar Bacon's Million and one experiments in agricultural chemistry; and containing too, no doubt, a variety of materials with which the Friar could have blown us all through the roof at five minutes' notice.

God save the Queen being done, the good Friar stepped forward and said a few words, more particularly concerning two points; firstly, that Saturday half-holiday, which it would be kind in farmers to grant; secondly, the additional Allotment-grounds we were going to establish, in consequence of the happy success of the system, but which we could not guarantee should entitle the holders to be members of the club, because the present members must consider and settle that question for themselves: a bargain between man and man being always a bargain, and we having made over the club to them as the original Allotment-men. This was loudly applauded, and so, with contented and affectionate cheering, it was all over.

As Philosewers, and I the Dreary, posted back to London, looking up at the moon and discussing it as a world preparing for the habitation of responsible creatures, we expatiated on the ho-

nour due to men in this world of ours who try to prepare it for a higher course, and to leave the race who live and die upon it better than they found them.

A PIECE OF CHINA.

It is a glowing, glaring morning at Hong Kong. I awake inside my net-muslin safe, wherein my boy, A-Pow—an urchin in baggy blue breeches and soft thick shoes, which allow him to glide about like a ghost—has consigned me for security from the flies, like a jam tart under gauze in a pastrycook's window, during the dog-days.

A-Pow is about nine, of grave demeanour, and wearing a little pigtail. The rest of his head is shaven down to a leaden blue tint, with the exception of a "cheveux de frise" following the course of the coronal suture, over the head from ear to ear, in the dotted line on the profile of the popular advocate for self-measurement as regards wigs. This fringe, about an inch long, sticks bolt upright, looking rather like a glory: more like, perhaps, one section of a bottle-brush. I had seen him so often on fans, with a veneered ivory face, that when I first engaged him, I felt we were old friends.

"Gud morn'g," he says.

"Chin-chin, A-Pow," I reply.

He thinks he is speaking English, and I imagine I am talking Chinese. We are both equally wrong.

"Ey Yaw!" he cries, with an expression of delight, as he sees the inevitable mosquito that has annoyed me all night, in a state of bloated gluttony in a fold of the curtains. "No hab catchee he."

And with beaming triumph he squeezes him between his fingers and thumb, leaving a red splash, about the size of a florin, on the muslin.

"Maskee (never mind)," I say. "Wilow down eye talkee that comprador catchee my one piecey glass beer all a proper cold. Chop! chop!"

Which interpreted means, "There—never mind that: cut away down stairs and tell the steward to let me have a glass of cold beer. Quick!"

It is a dreadful thing I know to confess to drinking beer in bed before breakfast, but there is no help for it here. I am perfectly assured I shall not have strength enough to dress, unless I get it.

For I feel completely washed out, and not dried. My thermometer, which I have plunged into my cold bath, stands at 88°—only four degrees lower than the average heat of a warm bath in England! The air is blowing through the open blinds as if it came from a hot blast furnace. There has also been a heavy rain at daybreak, and a hot mist is rising from the steaming rank vegetation of Hong Kong, wrapping everything in its muggy embraces. The gum-water I made last night in a little saucer is all dried up; my bottle of hair-grease seems filled with thick yellow oil; and a colony of very small red ants

so love the orange-scented traces of it on my hair-brush, that I knock out myriads as I rap the brush in horror on the table. The shock starts a cockroach from under the looking-glass; and causes him rashly to commit suicide in the basin.

My bath and my beer are disposed of; and now, in a few minutes, I pay for the indulgence. A copper-coloured rash begins to cover my neck, chest, and arms. I next see it about my ankles, and I know it is on my back. This is the terrible 'prickly heat' of the tropics—a combination of pins and needles and stinging-nettles. It is bad enough in itself; but, when you are congratulated upon having it, it is maddening. "All right, old fellow," they say; "the best thing that can happen to you. You're safe not to have anything else, while that's well out."

I play with my breakfast, dwelling on the charms of a cold raw November day in our own climate, and then crawl up-stairs again to pack up my portmanteau. My impedimenta are very well condensed, and the portmanteau is under overland size: but the labour is so excessive I am glad, once or twice, to sit down on my bamboo chair, panting with exertion. A-Pow cannot help me. I point to my things and the compartmented trunk; but he says, "No can savey that pigeon so fashion," with a hopeless expression of obtuseness.

A little steamer, built at Whampoa, by Mr. Cooper, and called the *Fei-maa*, or *Flying Horse*, runs between Hong Kong and Canton about twice a week, stopping for the night at Macao. It is to start at twelve this day, according to announcement-bills in English and Chinese, on the walls: and it is for Canton I am bound.

Leaving the club, I find the heat of my room is nothing to that of Queen's-road—the main artery of Hong Kong circulation. The Europeans, in their white jackets and trousers and round pith hats, are driven under the shade of the shop colonnades and thick-leaved trees, to talk. The Sou'-west monsoon is blowing freely out at sea; but, as Hong Kong—or rather Victoria—was built, with a noble disregard of position, on the north-eastern side of Victoria Peak (which is not a peak at all, but a rounded hill), not one breath of summer or autumnal air ever reaches it, except that which "cannons" off the hills, at an angle against you. But this moist, stifling heat, so terrible to us, is evidently healthy and bracing to the Chinese. They revel in it, and stretch themselves out to enjoy its fiercest rays like cats in a window; or toil with heavy stones slung on a bamboo, or chairs containing fourteen-stone Britons, up the steep paths to the bungalows, with their closely shaven heads unsheltered by anything except their pigtailed twisted round them, until their brains must dry up and rattle in their skulls, like a preserved lychee.

Queen's-road is all alive, and the natives are running up and down like ants. Nobody remains where he is but the barbers, who place their little stools under the shade of a clump of trees near the club, and keep up a noise all day long, which almost out-clamours the crickets above them.

Sometimes the travelling cook-shop keeper pauses here for a minute. His entire establishment is slung over his shoulder, and it consists of two bamboo frames, about three feet high by two square. When he stops, he connects them by a board forming a sort of counter, or table. One frame holds his kitchen, which is chiefly a copper heated by charcoal, and containing "stock." The other has his materials in drawers and on shelves; and, on the top, his spoons and little basins, with saucers full of picked shrimps, wheaten paste, small oysters, fowls' entrails, pork fat, fish, and long onions. From a string, he now and then hangs a rat or a large fat frog: and out of these specimens of food he compounds more dishes, by artful combinations, and provides a more varied carte, than any two-franc restaurateur, with "quatre plats au choix" in the Palais Royal. A potage he vends at "two cash a cup" is inscrutable: but as twenty-five cash go to a penny, it cannot be dear whatever it is.

Then people go by with large flat baskets containing what looks like squares of yellow soap, marked with a red Chinese character. This is their substitute for cheese. Nothing will induce them to touch milk in any shape; and this article, called "taou," is made from beans—a species of curd precipitated by an acid. I do not care much about the fruits which they wish me to buy. The Chinese gooseberry is over three inches long, and, when cut through, its section forms a perfect star. The persimmon is like a large egg-plum, but containing half a dozen stones; the pear is as hard as a potato, quite round, and tastes of nothing; bananas I abominate, reminding me of cotton wool and bear's grease mixed together; and I cannot agree with Mr. Wingrove Cooke, that the Amoy pomelo is the finest fruit in the world. Be assured, all over the globe, there is no garden like the centre avenue of Covent-garden; no fruit so fine as our strawberry, peach, and hot-house grape. People say to me, "Ah! but you should be here in (some other month) and taste our (some other fruit)." I always want to hit these folks. They are of those who, when you say you have been to Chamounix, always reply, "Ah! but you should have gone to Zermatt."

Amidst the restless, hurrying crowd of the Hong Kong main street—coolies, naked to the waist, carrying enormous weights; merchants, in bamboo chairs, braving coup de soleil, fever, and dysentery, everything, for the almighty dollar; clerks and tea-tasters, busying, like ants, in and out of their "go-downs," or ware-houses; sleek, sly-eyed Parsees, able to cope even with the Yankees; oily compradors bearing bags of Mexican dollars to the banks; boat-girls in their coquettish handkerchief head-dresses; toddling women with little feet; babies in pigtailed gravely basking in sunny gutters—through all this mingled action and still life, we come down to Pedder's Wharf, and embark in a little boat, covered with arched matting, and pull off to the *Fei-maa*.

There were seventy or eighty Chinese already

on board, partitioned off, on the main deck, by themselves, with all sorts of dirty packages wondrous to behold: pillows made of bamboo, matting, raw pork, seedy clothes, pine-apples, old shoes and dried fish packed inside lanterns, umbrellas, gilets carried by a string, and collections of such miscellaneous household things generally, as you see in the last lots of a sale catalogue.

The English passengers occupied the deck under the awning, and the saloon. We started punctually, and glided out of the harbour between many green islands, with small villages in their nooks and bays, wherein very suspicious pirate craft were lying ready to dart out of their holes, like spiders, upon any hapless little junk that got caught in the meshes of the shallows.

We went pleasantly on, for two hours or so, without the scenery changing, until we emerged, by the Lantao passage, as it is called, into open water, and then we prepared for "tiffin." I say "prepared," for the passengers all looked to their revolvers, and placed them within reach on the table; whilst the English and Portuguese crew stood at the different entrances on the main deck with loaded muskets and drawn swords.

"What does all this mean?" I asked.

"We have too many Chinese on board," replied Captain Castella. They are nearly six to every one of us; so we do not wish to be served as the Queen was served a year and a half ago."

"And how was that?"

"The steamer was captured, and the crew and passengers murdered. Mr. Osmond Cleverley was the only one who escaped, and you will meet him at Macao to-night. He will tell you his own story much better than I can."

The excitement gave us all an appetite, and the pale ale (I suspect) gave us valour. The eatables were good, and well cooked, and the tiffin was a success, and passed off in safety. When it was over we all went upon deck. The crew and passengers discharged their fire-arms at birds and other objects, to show that they had been really loaded, and then we sat and chatted in the laziness of repletion, until we arrived about four in the afternoon at Macao.

Macao looks as Weymouth would do after a very long residence in Portugal. Its shore is crescent-shaped; but edged with purely continental buildings and convents. There is a Praja, or promenade, along its border, whereon appear Portuguese troops, and now and then a band. You hear convent bells ringing the Angelus in the still eventide; priests, apparently without insides, slink about and look at you sideways; there is a Teatro San Somebody, and you wonder what on earth has become of China. You could not feel more bewildered if, one day turning out of Belgrave-square, you entered the Pontine Marshes; although even that might not be so great an antithesis.

It happens to us all to witness a great many rows in the course of our lives, of various phases—physical, as on the old Jenny Lind nights, amongst the superior classes (whose manners and customs I am sometimes permitted the delight of studying); moral, as when Reverend

Boanerges Gong meets Reverend S. Bookay on the platform; domestic, as in a strictly family party after the reading of a will; general, as at the annual meeting of any company you please, started by an inventive genius to make himself secretary thereof; Irish, as when Paddy O'Ragedy—that broth of a boy—cries "Hurroo!" and allows his native ready humour to run to fracturing his friend's skull, or biting his nose off; and patriotic, as when a lot of nature's nobility, possessing nothing in the world, go in for a division of property and universal suffrage. But we have never had a clear notion of a downright row, until we have dropped anchor off Macao amongst the tanka girls.

The tanka is, as its name implies in Chinese, an egg-shaped boat, little at the prow end, big at the stern, and hooped over with arches of bamboo and matting. It forms the home of more than one hundred thousand of the amphibious Cantonese; and these residences of the wind stretch out on the Pearl River to Whampoa and Macao, as our rows of clerks' houselets do to Woolwich and Gravesend on the living stream of the railway. This, however, is scarcely a comparison. The tanka population is considered so low as to be almost unworthy of a place in the census. They live and marry amongst themselves; and are as distinct from the Cantonese proper, as the fishing inhabitants of Portel are from the people of Boulogne.

As soon as the steamer nears Macao, the tankas shoot out from the shore towards the spot where they know she will anchor; and their oars are plied so well, that their approach assumes the air of a cutting-out expedition. Throw a bun into the water of St. James's Park, and the ducks will give you the best notion of the manner of attack. One woman skulls behind, and the other takes her place on the fore-castle, with a rope and a boat-hook, prepared for the worst; and, as the entire fleet makes for the sponsons of the steamer, when they meet the row begins. A-moon, the belle of the tankas, arrives first; and showing her beautiful white teeth as she "chin-chins" the captain, makes fast to our paddle-box, and then nods her pretty head, over which she has lightly tied a red handkerchief in that coquettish style which young ladies who know they are nice-looking adopt in the hall of the Opera when waiting for their carriages to come up. But A-tye, who is a sort of rival in good looks, skulls strenuously up, and then with a good way on her boat, ships her stern oar, runs forward, banging between the tankas of A-moon and A-miu (who is a terrible vixen, and, they say, can fight like a cat, whence her name, which appropriately signifies Mrs. Puss in Chinese), runs in well and gains her place. A-miu immediately springs on her, all claws set, and knocks her over into the other boat. A-moon resents the intrusion with a boat-hook, upon which A-tye seizes a chopper, not her own, and cuts A-miu's tanka adrift, which is immediately shoved out to sea by A-yung, A-chung, A-lin, A-ming, and as many more as you please.

A herd of female jackos after one nut, in their native jungle, could not have made such a screeching clatter, and their Chinese swearing must have been something awful. The first bold man who disembarked had a terrible time of it. He carried letters and despatches. Now I have always considered the conveyance of the mails in Russia on an insecure and unsatisfactory footing, as illustrated by the Courier of St. Petersburg on his four horses at Astley's; but I saw this man, with my own eyes, in four boats at once. I never heard whether he reached the shore, or was pulled to pieces. A-miu now returned and knocked A-tyo over into the water with her oar; but the girl swam like a fish, and climbed up the boat in an instant—her clothes, only a silk blouse and trousers, soon drying in the Macao sun. And at last, amongst screaming, fighting, and struggling—crying, laughing, and swearing—I got to shore, but how, I have no more notion than how I once fell with a burst balloon, from the height of a mile, surrounded by fireworks, into a street in the Vauxhall-road, which, for the life of me, I never could find out afterwards.

A very agreeable dinner, with plenty of cool beer, and "cups" of various descriptions, and a ride round the city, with a visit to the Cave of Camoëns, caused the evening to pass pleasantly enough. The kindness and hospitality of the great English houses in China is unbounded. Travellers bring in their luggage, and become "squatters" in the establishment for as long as it suits them, coming and going as they please. It is no intrusion on privacy to mention the names of the Dents and Jardines in connexion with these real accommodations in a country where hotels are not. Their courtesy to travellers is world-famous.

It was my good fortune that evening to meet Mr. Osmond Cleverley, as Captain Castella had presaged. He alone escaped from the terrible massacre on board the *Queen*, the year before last; and as we sat on the balcony overlooking the bay, whilst our younger friends shot clay pellets at the dogs and tanka girls along shore, he gave me the following particulars:

He left Hong Kong one fine morning in February, 1857, in the *Queen*—as I had left in the *Fei-maa*—with a mixed crew and passengers, English, Portuguese, and Chinese—the latter predominating.

The European passengers had, as usual, sat down to dinner in the saloon, off Lantau, when the Chinese left the deck and about the boat, by a preconcerted movement, suddenly knocked the mate and the man at the wheel on the head, threw them overboard, seized the arm-chest, which was on the bridge, with its outlasses and ready-loaded muskets, and began firing down on the passengers. The captain (Wynn), and Mr. Cleverley seized their revolvers, and rushed up the ladder. The former was cut down as he reached the deck, and, falling on the latter, they were both thrown back into the cabin, and the hatches were immediately closed by those above, one of whom

fell dead into the cabin by a shot from Mr. Cleverley's revolver.

Thus closed in a trap, they had nothing to look forward to but to be killed like beasts. The captain was almost senseless from a sword-cut on his skull; the engineer was undressing rapidly to leap overboard; and the passengers and crew were too panic-stricken to do anything. Knowing that when the guns of the Chinese were fired they had no means of loading them again, Mr. Cleverley went alone up the ladder with a fresh revolver, and, forcing the cabin-door open, met his assailants. He was received with their fire, but shot three of them dead. They fell back, and, emboldened by this, he was advancing, when a musket-ball passed through his thigh, smashing the bone. He again fell down back into the cabin, and the captain, seeing this, said, "Then all is over, sir. Here, take my revolver, and God bless you! we shall never meet again." He then stumbled to the stern-port, and threw himself into the sea, followed by the engineer. The Chinese fired after them, and they were never seen again.

Mr. Cleverley now bound up his broken leg, and was limping to the aft cabin, when another volley from deck was sent after him, followed by a Chinese yell of victory, as they rushed towards the saloon. Certain there was no chance left, he seized one of the rattan chairs common in China, and dragging it and himself towards the port sponsons, threw it into the water, and dropped in after it. Fortunately he was not perceived; the steamer, with nobody at her engines, kept on her way, and he was soon astern, floating, but alone in the sea!

In great agony, as the swell moved his broken bone, he floated for nearly an hour, with the assistance of his chair. Once it escaped from his hand, and in turning to recover it, as he rose on a wave higher than ordinary, he discovered a lorch working to windward: and, from his nautical knowledge, he knew that, not being weatherly, his true course would bring her within hail. And he was right: she came nearer and nearer, until she got within hail, and just within an hour from his leaving the steamer he was taken on board as the hapless *Queen* was seen slowly standing to the northward, and was now half-funnel down.

The lorch took him on to Macao, not, however, before the crew had asked him how much money he would give them to do so; and even then they would not land him amongst the Chinese boats. But he wrote on a card in pencil, "Mr. William Dent, or any other European;" and in half an hour Mr. Dent arrived, and took him to his house, placing him on a bed, which he did not leave for many months. He is now a cripple, and, although formerly distinguished for athletic exercises, limps about in great suffering.

All the Europeans on board the *Queen* were murdered, and the ship was burnt. The whole plan was conceived and carried out by that fiendish miscreant Yeh—another link in the chain of his hideous cruelties. Mr. Cleverley

declared that if a couple of men had stood by him he could have recaptured the boat.

As this narrative was finished, the sun went down. A band was playing on the Praya; the inhabitants were turning out in their best costumes for a walk in the cool evening, that is, cool by comparison, for the thermometer was still at 90°; and A-moon, A-tye, A-miu, and the tanka sisterhood, were burning coloured paper and beating gongs along the shore to propitiate Joss, all their quarrels ceasing until the next steamer came.

"You will go bathing with us to-morrow, about five?" asked my host.

"Certainly; anything you please."

"Boy!" he cried, "go cathee three piecey boat, washee-pigeon morrow." Then he added to me: "A-tye will row you out, because she can speak pigeon English!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "Nonsense! I can't go bathing with that young person."

"It's all right, my dear fellow; it's thought nothing of here: it's the custom. She don't care, if you don't. You're over particular, and should go to Japan for a little while, or, better still, to Ramsgate. I can assure you it's all proper."

"Bless me!" I replied, "how very odd!"

And then we all went to bed, and I was again sweltering inside the mosquito curtains.

TRADE SONGS. THE WORKHOUSE NURSE.

TAKE the child upon your knee!
Desert infant, let it rest
All night upon your breast:
Sing a softening lullaby:
Shield it from the tempest wild:
Be a mother to the child.

It is not a noble's son,
Not a noble,—born above
All the charities of love:
Out of misery was it won:
Cradled in the stony street,
Found (a blessing) at your feet.

Black its eyes, dark its skin;
Feeble creature,—once a pack
Haply at a gipsy's back;
But it has a *soul* within:
And sometimes (say the stories wild)
You find an Angel in a child.

THE BLACKSMITH.

OLD England, she has great warriors,
Great princes, and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot,
In the history of the State.

He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet silver he lacks and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet he laugheth and maketh more;

And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!

And hurrah for his iron crew!

And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We'll sing what a MAN can do.

HAUNTED LONDON.

ST. MARTIN'S-LANE.

THERE is no post-office directory in which one can find out the addresses of London ghosts. This is an oversight.

I never go out in London, but I meet my ghosts; and yet, before I can lay my hand on their bony shoulders, they whip into a cab, or up an alley, or round a turning, and are off before I can ask them for a card. Charles the First, for instance, whom only last Tuesday I met at the door of the Admiralty, carrying his head, with its peaked beard—for coolness, I suppose—under his arm; then there is old Johnson, with the scorched wig, I saw to-day, going to look for his old corner where he planned his Hebrides expedition with Boswell, at the Mitre, in Fleet-street; then Izaak Walton, with his fishing-rod, in Chancery-lane; and so on.

Well, I am out now to take a note of the whereabouts of the St. Martin's-lane ghosts, and shall take the notes on my thumb-nail.

Thumb-nail? Not much room even for short-hand notes on that—not much on the duodecimo little finger, and not much more on the quarto thumb. But Hogarth found it room enough. That little sturdy observer of men, in his sky-blue coat, and his triangular cocked-hat tipped up over his broad, full, round forehead, to show the scar he was proud of on his right temple, used to ramble about London, sketching droll faces on his left thumb-nail.

I often wonder if there will ever be a London Claude Lorraine. If there ever be, he will, for the first thing, paint London sunshine, out of whose radiance I have just come from St. Martin's-lane into my dark chambers, as a man comes from a morning bath in the molten gold of the sea with the sun on it, to re-dress himself before breakfast in the soft darkness of a Marine Parade room with the blinds down. Sunshine through spring woods is a delicious thing, so is sunshine through three feet of June grass, fit for mowing, when the thick flowers close like waves over your face as you lie on your back and listen to the lark that the angels are calling to from that hollow snow-ball of a cloud. But as we have none of these delights, and are all built in for various terms of imprisonment in long defiles of houses, walled all with black and brown brick, caged under miles of red tile roofs, in streets where the chimneys keep telegraphing to each other by smoke signals, at windows where consumptive geraniums sicken for fresher air, and no thin weed dares to take root between the joints of the bricks, from Pharaoh's hard brick-yard, where flowers are curiosities, and the hot dark breath of Care's kilns and furnaces thickens the smiling air, which struggles to be bright and free, let us

make the best of it. Talk of your mountain distance, your air perspectives! I never saw anything in the blue gaps of the Apennines more fairy beautiful than the blue grey fog that turns the end of a London street as you look down in it into mystery and beauty, that gives the present a tinge of the uncertainty of the future and the past, and throws a halo of poetry over Gower-street or Soho. And look now how the London sunshine falls in a white luminous veil, such as hid the face of Moses before that vulgar block of houses in Blue Ruin-street: two pawn-brokers, a publican's, and an undertaker's. That white fog of glory slants across the end of the street, where the cab No. 3174 is breaking through it, like a new Jacob's ladder, the cords, golden threads of sunbeams, let down in gracious mercy once more to allow some poor suffering life-burdened wretch to crawl up it to the Bright City. Why, it is a complete angelic exhibition, and should be charged for. It is worth a guinea a seat, yet no one looks up; no one but that poor little skeleton girl with a frozen bunch of yesterday's water-cresses in her lean hand, who huddles in the doorway of Lattat, the sharp attorney, who (brute) is, actually as I speak, tapping at the glass to bid her go away. See, too, you purblind artist with the microscope eyes, who can find nothing to paint in this our dear London—the darker bar that strikes like a giant's sword-blade through the great woof of cobweb sunshine we speak of—can't imagine where it comes from? Oh, Macguelp, thou mole-eyed misuser of unpaid-for pigments, dost thou not see that it is the shadow of the chimney above us, which, standing in the way of the royal blessed purifying sunshine that brings hope and gladness into the very eyes of the dying, enfeebles and dims that path of darkness. Talk of Samarcand and your Chinese splendour! Is it not gorgeous to see how the sunshine glistens on those great gold letters, "BARCLAY, PERKINS, & Co.," that are heralically displayed on the great board above the publican's (Druggers) garret window at "The Fivealls," and makes them shine like letters hewn out of solid bullion?

Well, that white sunshine and that blue fog at the end of London streets are the first things I should paint, if Providence had made me a London Claude, as Turner, the barber's son in Maiden-lane, might have been. The next thing I should paint would be the magic and enchantment of a London night, if paint there could be ground from metals or jewels to do it. Would not I "go in," as my old friend Macguelp calls it, for those ladders of lamps, those shot lines of stars, those bridges of light, which turn London at night into a perpetual Pekin at lantern carnival time? What is Rome and the "Moccoli" to it? Go and walk to-night up Piccadilly, and see the lamps before you trying to tell your fortune by shaping themselves into perspective letters and words, all beginning with A. Look at them across the Park, like so many spark-stars breaking out in paper just consumed. See the gilded trinkets of the illuminated jewellers' shops, the colours, the rarities, the wonders, the steam

mouse-traps, the air-pumps for opening oysters. Observe the dark pool of shadow, where the lamplight does not reach the tree shadows of the lamp-post; the gutters, running with blood, where the chemist's crimson beacon light sheds baleful influence; see all this, and go and paint what you see, wiping out all smirking, trim peasants and perennial flower-girls; eternise, Macguelp, the cyclopic grandeur (however ugly or misshaped it be) of London!

I was determined to ransack and re-rummage the poetry and associations of that old street of the benevolent French saint, from the great porticoed church with the giant sooty pillars, that somebody seems to have begun painting with Indian-ink and left unfinished; from the broad square with the Spanish name of glorious memory, where the poodle lion stretches out his wiry tail, guarding Northumberland House; and from the silver-plumed fountains, waving, banner-like, in the wind, that seems to try contemptuously to blow them away altogether; up northwards, to Long-acre; up beyond the turn leading to that old church in Covent-garden, where Charles the Second's favourite author, Butler, who wrote *Hudibras*, sleeps, undisturbed by the jar of the early morning carts from the market gardens. It is a little too late in the year to see the chesnuts roasting over the night-shade tins, pierced with fiery holes, that the rushlights of our youth used to burn dimly and penitentially in; but there is one of those Amazonian old Irishwomen, in a bygone coachman's many-caped coat, sitting patient and stubborn as a look-out man in the "crow's-nest" of a whaler: her red and green apples, greasy with rubbing, arranged in decent pyramids; the cocoa-nut well watered; the oranges judiciously thrown out by a background of traditional blue paper.

I did not choose the night for my note-taking stroll: but I set out for St. Martin's-lane—the Grub-street of our early painters—a pleasant April morning, in the boyhood of one of those days when we count the hours by the number of the rainbows.

A slight, quick, fervid shower—tears more of happiness brimming over than anger breaking its bounds—had just fallen, and pricked the dry grey pavement into a dark lace pattern of spots, out of which you could select the newest by their being sharper in outline and darker than the rest. The aristocracy of five minutes ago, and the parvenus of the last moment alike, as the soft warm rain fell now quicker and more petulantly passionate, melting one into the other, losing shape, plan, and purpose, as the stone washed luminous brown, and transparent as slabs of Cairngorm agate.

I am glad it was not one of those gusty days of early March, when the brown dust, dry and pungent as pepper, runs before you in a long trailing thread, as if it were leading one by a fairy clue to some fairy labyrinth, or blows in strange semicircles, that try to diagram themselves and form ground plans on the dry, clean, cold pavement. There were no stray MS. bits of paper blowing about like sybilline leaves, or

fragments of a stationer's shop, torn to pieces by a hurricane; no tormenting wind to ruffle the leaves of the cabmen's capes, to fan the chestnut fire to a magnificent crimson bloom, to wrench feloniously at the cold bright weathercock coronet of St. Martin's Church that you pitied and shuddered to see so high up aloft in its fickle, solitary, and chilly splendour—admirable type of royal happiness. No angry wind was running about, as if to warm itself, or screaming round corners in a helpless, imbecile, and mendicant way. No wind was there to sway the golden perches, caught but never landed, that dangle and flicker over the doors of "fishing-tackle" shops; or to blow almost off its hook the crown of black rag strips, or the suicidal negro baby at the marine store shop entrances.

No, quite the reverse. The street-sweeper's legs are not black purple, nor is the crouching Laocœon in bed-linen at all frozen, nor are the objectionable songs sold to him in the *Rose* as Christian tracts, blown about like scattered doves. No, the day is one when the great grey endless terraces ring sharp and hopefully under the lounging foot, and sordid wretches in tindery rags pass with baskets full of fragrant blood-brown wallflowers on their arms, and children run after people with quilled-up bunches of violets that they long to keep; and if you were now to wander out to the great flat nursery gardens round Fulham, you would find slow melting snows of blossoms on every tree. As for Covent-garden now, it is a halo of delight, like a fairy tableau, and you expect to see the ballet come dancing up between the banks of Barcelona nuts, whose shingle is oranges and winter apples, and whose boulders are Valencia melons.

I am out taking notes on my shining thumbnail, because (as I have said) it seems to me, and has long seemed to me, that there is no Blue or Red Book, no Post-office Directory, where you can hope to find the proper addresses and directions of the London ghosts. Though every square stone in the London pavement is really a tombstone, containing pressed down beneath it some cold association, legend, or memory, some dry flower of poetry long ago, trodden under foot; when, long since, the fresh turf was first turned into a continuation of the great stone case of this Babylon cemetery of ours, and its life was swallowed up by the spreading death that is still gnawing away at the suburbs, fretting further and further, like a spreading iron-mould, or a widening blot. London history loses interest from its diffusion. Once seize strongly the real prominent associations of a district or a street, and for ever after when you pass the houses seem tapestried with names and legends. London has always been the stage of England, and every street of it is a volume of its history.

It is a curious fact in street science, not, I think, before recorded, that every state of wind and weather drives its peculiar flock of people into the street, who are seen at that time, at no other time, and at that time only. This is a fact

beyond all contradiction; why it is, I know not, but I believe it may be traced to deep physiological causes, and is connected with very subtle laws of attraction, cohesion, and sympathy. The causes have alliances, Dr. Regenbogen thinks, with electricity and magnetism, and are most highly curious proofs of the preponderance in the present age of the nervous above the muscular, and all the coarser organisations. There are your north-east people, your sou'-west people, your nor'-west people, and your—But why need I box the whole compass when the fact is so palpable to a keen observer. It is useless to tell me that this is an imagination, and is really caused by the moods of my own weatherbeaten mind being influenced by the weather. This is absurd; the wind being sour and north-east does not make *me* north-east, nor all the people I meet north-east; no, the simple fact, scientifically proved (only science is jealous and will not record it), is, that the north-east wind brings out north-east people. It appears at first a wild assertion, but it is true that, during the sour, bitter, blighting, ill-tempered prevalence of the east wind, you meet no good-looking person, no virtue, no beauty, no honesty, no worth. Every third person is a money-lender or a fraudulent bankrupt; the costermongers are pickpockets, crack-skulls, and cut-throats to a man. Poverty prevails—lean, greasy, buttoned-up poverty—not struggling and hopeful worth, but balking, lying, skulking, and hopeless. You meet no decent comely old age crowned with the white coronet of time, wisdom's mark of brevet rank and coming promotion. No, not one, but rather sour nut-cracker-men, with no kind, full lips like the rims of decanters, but screw-snippers, Harpagens born of Sycoraxes, skinflints who have come out for a breathing after having cut off their eldest son with a shilling, turned their favourite daughter out of doors because she burnt the breakfast muffin, written six dunning letters, and kicked their pet dog violently down stairs. All the officers you meet then are bullies, all the doctors quacks, all the lawyers rogues, all the clergymen sceptics, all the women are ugly, and all the men cheats. North-east people's faces are blue and yellow, the nose is frosty red, and the lips are white; they are slovenly in dress, and insolent in manner; they always drive the wrong side of the road, and tread on your corns—in fact, they are NORTH-EAST people, and one cannot go further than that. Ill-conditioned, suicidal, felonious people, &c., they are generally middle-aged, and often old and spiteful.

It was only yesterday, however, under this very same pompous church, reared by Gibbes, of Aberdeen, that I met nothing but mild, pleasant, sweet-eyed south-west people, and it put me in a good mood for kindly note-taking.

What dust-powdered antiquarian can tell us what Norman king, in intervals of malvoisie-drinking and boar-hunting, gave the name of an Hungarian saint to this parish outside the walls? What had the anchorite Bishop of Tours (only fancy an anchorite bishop), who with eighty monks beat their backs nightly to a cruel red in their mo-

nastery of Marmoutier, near the episcopal city, sometime early in the fourth century—what has that saint and confessor, who was the first deified demigod of the Romish Church, to do with the modern haunt of tailors, jewellers, biscuit-bakers, who know nothing about him, never think of him, and do not know even that their own schoolboy exclamation of “Betty Martin” is only a corruption of one of the old prayers addressed to the benevolent saint who divided his cloak in two with his sword and gave half to a beggar (a sure proof the cloak was no mackintosh, because half of that is no use)? It must have been a rude, wild age that thought much of the deed of the French bishop. If old Johnson had lived in those times, and been seen carrying the poor dying street-walker up the greasy staircase leading to his chambers, he would have been sainted at once, and literary men would now have a St. Johnson to pray to for second editions. But let us quietly drop down the well-shaft of a dozen centuries or so, to the quiet time when the place was mere extramural turf, pasturing quiet, unambitious generations of flowers, long families of white-starred daisies with the clearest possible descent from the seeds that Adam brought from Paradise. Every now and then to be spurned out; perhaps, by the broad hoofs of tournament horses, or the hobnailed shoon of turbulent countrymen, brought up by Cade and other violent reformers.

What old St. Martin’s church was like, we may not know; it has passed into “air, thin air,” or rather into the thick air of London, the murky, coppery, witch smoke that wraps our Babel. Its altars, tombs, and shrines are gone, its kaleidoscope windows, its starry chapels, the music chamber of its bell-tower—gone, with the king who built it, and with his three great victims—Surrey the poet, Fisher the aged saint, and More philosopher and statesman.

And now we have in its stead the pompous fabric of pedant Gibbs, of Aberdeen; a man learned, but without genius, who, in five years, and at a cost of 32,000*l.*, built this lifeless church with the besmoked pillars and the high steps, grateful to beggar-boys. This is the dull, hard-faced pedant, with the cataract of wig we know by Hysing’s portrait; Gibbs, the little, pert, and squab-faced kindly man whom Hogarth drew, and who designed the poet Prior’s monument in the Abbey; Gibbs, the hide-bound Aberdeen man, who went to Italy to learn how to copy and to jabber about Palladio and Vitruvius; Gibbs, who built St. Mary’s in the Strand, one of the fifty new churches of his age, and who put together the Ratcliffe Library and the Senate House. Gibbs, though a non-juror and a Scotchman—both suspicious circumstances in a rebellious age, when many faces were straining their eyes over the water—was a kindly man, and was aided by Wren when that great little man had been disgraced at Court, and was living in stoic retirement at Hampton Court; he got churches to build when Vanbrugh, that Swift and Pope laughed at a little unjustly, could not get one to

do, because his comedies had disgusted the clergy. Dull and ponderous as the eternal black-and-white monument of that Aberdeen merchant’s son, whom the Earl of Mar first patronised, may seem to us, it is a curious record of Hogarth’s age, of its architectural religion, and its imitative sham architecture. Yet it was praised by Sir William Chambers, the friend of Goldsmith and Johnson, the Chinese decorator of Kew Gardens, and the builder of Somerset House. I do not know what Chambers did not say of St. Martin’s Church; he compared its portico to that of the Pantheon at Rome, which certainly has the same number of Corinthian columns. Savage, in his mad poem *The Wanderer*, burst out in boisterous bathos:

O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise
Where God delights to dwell, and man to praise—
verses no more absurd than those of Wordsworth’s sonnet—

Dear Jones, when you or I—

but requiring some brave contempt for humorous association before they can be comfortably swallowed, besides the confusion of the meaning as to whether the church is where man praises, or is a building that he praises, not to mention their want of connexion with anything in the rambling poem. We admit the compact beauty and unity of the portico, as well as the simplicity and neatness of the interior, but the steeple is a heap of stone crushing in the porch, and there is no contrasting day and night of light and shade in the crude dull building, with its upper and lower deck windows, its sham rustic work, and its rows of tea-urn ornaments. It looks dead and soulless, and with the handle of a steeple snapped off would be the very thing for an assembly-room, which at present, with the staring royal arms cut in stone over the entrance, it not a little resembles.

Death is something like misfortune—it makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows. There, in snug vaulting, under those six ponderous black-and-white pillars, and that tower with the bodkin holes through it to let out the bell music, lie as strange an assembly of incongruous people as Death ever invited to his silent soirée. Here are met proud statesmen and rich painters, play-writers and actors, the rouge all off, the frown smoothed away, the meek gone, all wrapped in the grave-dress, that changes with no fashion, that is cool enough for summer, and hot enough for winter. Here is lively Farquhar, the quondam officer; Roubiliac, the great sculptor and the friend of Garrick; John Hunter (just removed); witty Barnister, the actor; the learned Boyle, the contemporary of Newton; poor, kind-hearted Nell Gwynne; Dobson, the painter, whom Vandyck dug out of his garret; Secretary Coventry, and Mayenne, the learned French physician of James I., who was the first to write on the chemistry of colours, and gathered some of his receipts from the lips of Vandyck himself.

If you wander up St. Martin’s-lane now, not altogether careful whether you walk on the

mosaicked pavement or the striped pitch, and careless of the charge of those fiery Ruperts and Cavalier drivers of London, the Hansom cabmen, you will see here and there, amid lines of buff-coloured, mud-splashed, square-topped houses, a residence that shows some signs of ancient grandeur—heavy brick cornices and long fluted pilasters of a dull red—which enables you to fairly realise that in this lane, which then had hedges flanking it, and a turnpike leading to Covent-garden, opposite Salisbury House, where tradition says the seven bishops lodged before they went, a nosegay of martyrs, to the Tower, dwelt all sorts of plumed and starred great people of the time of Charles I., Charles II., and the early Georges. Raleigh's son, for instance; the poet Suckling, who sang so bewitchingly of the country wedding in the Hay-market; Kenelm Digby, the eccentric chemist and Platonist, of whose beautiful wife Ben Jonson writes; the great demagogue Chancellor, Shaftesbury, who so nearly upset old Rowley, his master; Archbishop Tenison; Mayerne, James the First's quack physician; Ambrose Phillips, that Pope laughed at for his pastoral, that Gray parodied; Mytens and Vandernost the painters, and a host of others. Fuseli, too, the wild Swiss, who painted ghosts and monsters, Reynolds before he went to Great Newport-street, and that dull Dorsetshire gentleman who painted the dome of St. Paul's, and whose daughter Hogarth married, Sir James Thornhill, lived here and died.

The room where a Quaker's meeting-house now stands, is where the flighty French sculptor Roubilliac had his studio, it is in Peter's-court, where, too, the first English academy had its meetings and classes, that Hogarth denounced as likely to fill the profession with every boy that could not afford to go to school.

And here especially—for our room runs short before we have scarcely more than sketched the present aspect of "the lane of St. Martin—" was Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, the resort of all the engravers and painters of Hogarth's cocked-hat time. Here, on his thumb-nail, he took down some of the humours of club life, such as he has shown us in his "Midnight Conversation," where the two sandbank parsons are the only persons sober at four o'clock in the morning. The chief visitors at Old Slaughter's, where, years after, late, at the dusk, Wilkie, pale and worn from his casel, used to steal in, are worth mentioning, as showing the society whom Hogarth loved to snap his sharp sayings at, and to drink and laugh with. There was Isaac Waze, the old architect, whom, when a chimney-sweep, a gentleman had seen sketching the portico of St. Martin's Church with chalk on a wall, and upon that picked him up to study in Italy. There he is with the ineradicable stain of soot still on his old yellow skin. He lives in Bloomsbury-square, in the house where old D'Israeli afterwards lived. Next him is Gravelot, who keeps a

drawing-school in the Strand, and did the designs for Hanmer's small Shakespeare. Perhaps his fellow-worker, Grignon, the engraver, is with him. Then there is Gwynn, the architect, who competed for Blackfriars-bridge, and built the bridge at Salisbury; he is a friend of old Dr. Johnson, who writes his prefaces for him, and comes to see him in Leicester-fields, where Hogarth lives, with the gilt cork head over his door. Then there is fat old Hudson, the fashionable portrait painter, who is such a poor stick that he has men to paint his drapery for him. He is Hogarth's butt, the little satirist calls him "a fat-headed man," and loves to trick him with sham Rembrandts, of which he has a rare collection. The "fat-head" lives in Great Queen-street. Next him is M'Ardell, the engraver, who lives at the Gold Ball, in Henrietta-street; he engraves for Reynolds, who lauds him to the skies. He engraved for Hogarth brave old Captain Coram, who reared the Foundling, and died poor, but happy. Then there is that mad, drunken, clever Luke Sullivan, who etched the March to Finchley, who little thinks now that he will die in a garret half starved. But why is not Gardelle, the portrait painter of Leicester-fields, here? Because he is in the condemned cell at Newgate for murdering his landlady, and Hogarth goes to-morrow to sketch him in the fatal white cap. That quiet old fellow in the corner is old Moser, who manages the new academy in the lane, in Roubilliac's rooms; and those men just come in are fresh from the "Dons at the Barn" Club, opposite St. Martin's Church, just by the watch-house. They are Smith, a pupil of Roubilliac's; blind Parry, the Welsh harper, a great draughts player; Red-nosed Wilson, a clever young landscape painter; and Hayman, the painter whom Hogarth went to Calais with.

Look now at the mountain heap of wicker flasks on the floor; see the squat Schiedam bottles with the badges on them thrown by in a corner; observe the cloaks, and swords, and wigs, and cocked-hats, hung on the well-known pegs. One fellow, though fallen on the floor, still sings "Sally in our Alley." One is asleep; another sets his ruffle on fire trying to light his pipe. Two are moping back to back; and yet lo! the door opens, and in comes another smoking china caldron of punch.

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